

UNCUT

Second Huntsman

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord

Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers,
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Huntsman

My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence

CUT

Second Huntsman

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord

* Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber:
* Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
* Some one be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent.

*

First Huntsman

* My lord, I warrant you we will play our part.

*

Lord

Take him up gently and to bed with him.
* How now! who is it?

Servant

An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord

Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.
How now! who is it?

Servant

An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.